



Come buy my little Tarters, my pretty
little Jemmies; no more than a Half-
penny a-piece.

A Phycic fine as e'er was fold,
Is offer'd here by Buckhorfe old,
For boys who want a smarter,
If any pettish froward Miss,
Advices spurn that lead to bliss,
O buy a Jemmy Tarter.

'Twill clear up ev'ry sour look,
'Twill make each boy regard his book,
Each Miss her sampler mind;
No scolding, brawling, noisy crying,
No flouncing, bouncing, sobbing,
fighing,
You in the house will find.